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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

AGAIN...
THE PUNISHER!

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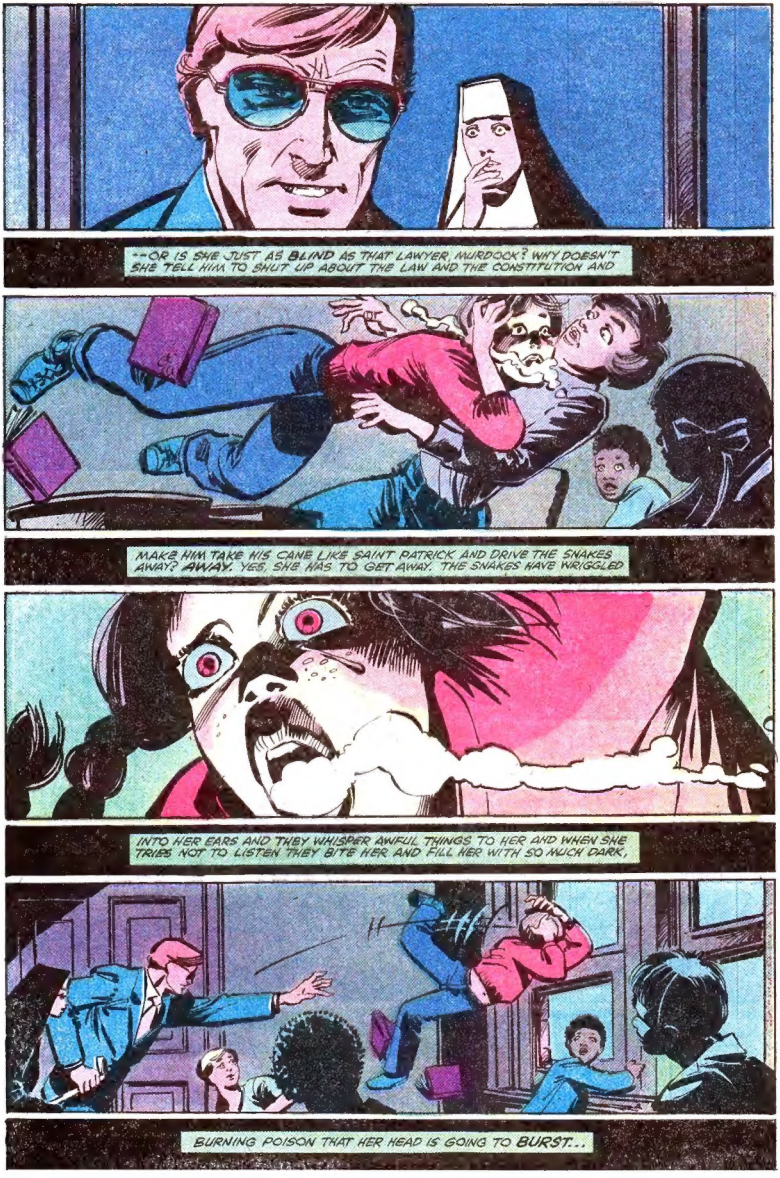
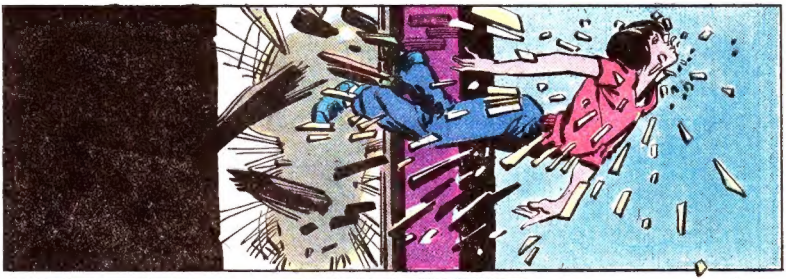
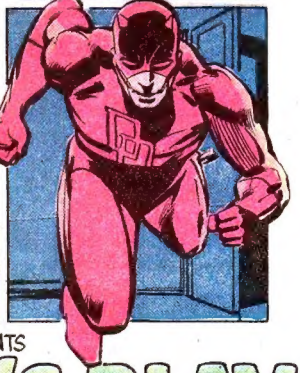

--OR IS SHE JUST AS BLIND AS THAT LAWYER, MURDOCK? WHY DOESN'T SHE TELL HIM TO SHUT UP ABOUT THE LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION AND
MAKE HIM TAKE HIS CANE LIKE SAINT PATRICK AND DRIVE THE SNAKES AWAY? AWAY. YES, SHE HAS TO GET AWAY. THE SNAKES HAVE WRIGGLED
INTO HER EARS AND THEY WHISPER AWFUL THINGS TO HER AND WHEN SHE TRIES NOT TO LISTEN THEY BITE HER AND FILL HER WITH SO MUCH DARK,
BURNING POISON THAT HER HEAD IS GOING TO BURST...





STAN LEE PRESENTS

CHILD'S PLAY

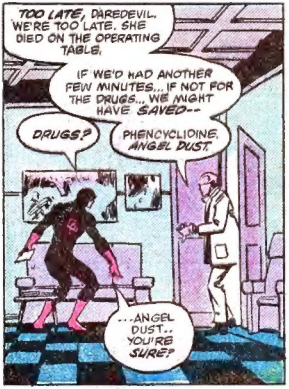
ROGER McKENZIE / FRANK MILLER / KLAUS JANSON
WRITERS ARTISTS

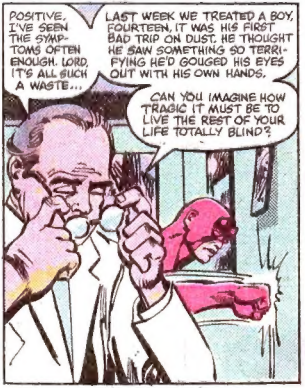
KLAUS JANSON / JOE ROSEN / DENNY O'NEIL
COLORS LETTERS EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER, SUPERVISOR

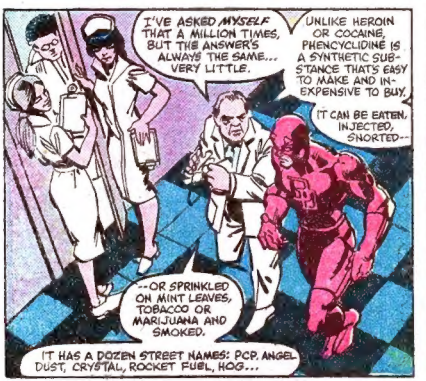
AND SPECIAL THANKS TO ED POLLOCK & KEN DIAS OF PHOENIX HOUSE FOR THEIR TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE.

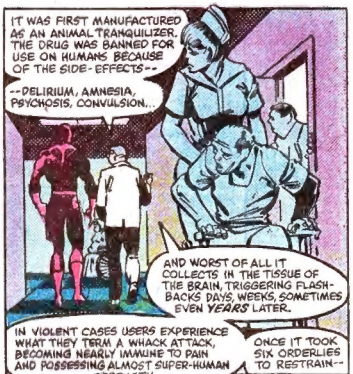
DAREDEVIL!
WOW!
IT'S DAREDEVIL, COACH DONAHUE! MAYBE HE CAN...
WHAT'S KEEPING THAT AMBULANCE?
AN AMBULANCE MAY TAKE FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET HERE.
SHE WON'T LAST THAT LONG.
THEN HELP HER MAN!
SHE'S ONLY TWELVE...
CALL THE HOSPITAL.
TELL THEM TO PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY SURGERY.
SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY FOR THE ACCIDENT THAT BLINDED ME AND AMPLIFIED MY REMAINING SENSES.
SOMETIMES I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE WORLD OF SOUND AND SMELL IT OPENED UP FOR ME--A WORLD NO OTHER MAN CAN SHARE.
SCREECH
SOMETIMES.
NOT NOW.
I CAN FEEL HER SHATTERED RIBS... HER CRUSHED VERTEBRAE...
I CAN HEAR HER HEARTBEAT SLOWING... STOPPING...
THE HOSPITAL.
I PRAY I'M IN TIME...

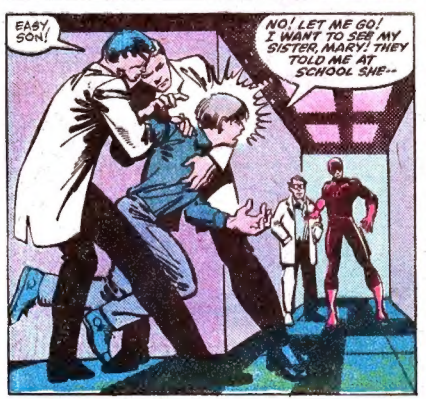

TOO LATE, DAREDEVIL. WE'RE TOO LATE. SHE DIED ON THE OPERATING TABLE.
IF WE'D HAD ANOTHER FEW MINUTES... IF NOT FOR THE DRUGS... WE MIGHT HAVE SAVED--
DRUGS?
PHENCYCLIDINE. ANGEL DUST.
...ANGEL DUST.. YOU'RE SURE?


POSITIVE. I'VE SEEN THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN ENOUGH. LORD, IT'S ALL SUCH A WASTE...
LAST WEEK WE TREATED A BOY, FOURTEEN, IT WAS HIS FIRST BAD TRIP ON DUST. HE THOUGHT HE SAW SOMETHING SO TERRIFYING HE'D GOUGED HIS EYES OUT WITH HIS OWN HANDS.
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW TRAGIC IT MUST BE TO LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TOTALLY BLIND?

YES.
WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?


I'VE ASKED MYSELF THAT A MILLION TIMES, BUT THE ANSWER'S ALWAYS THE SAME... VERY LITTLE.
UNLIKE HEROIN OR COCAINE, PHENCYCLIDINE IS A SYNTHETIC SUBSTANCE THAT'S EASY TO MAKE AND INEXPENSIVE TO BUY.
IT CAN BE EATEN, INJECTED, SNORTED--
--OR SPRINKLED ON MINT LEAVES, TOBACCO OR MARIJUANA AND SMOKED.
IT HAS A DOZEN STREET NAMES: PCP, ANGEL DUST, CRYSTAL, ROCKET FUEL, HOG...

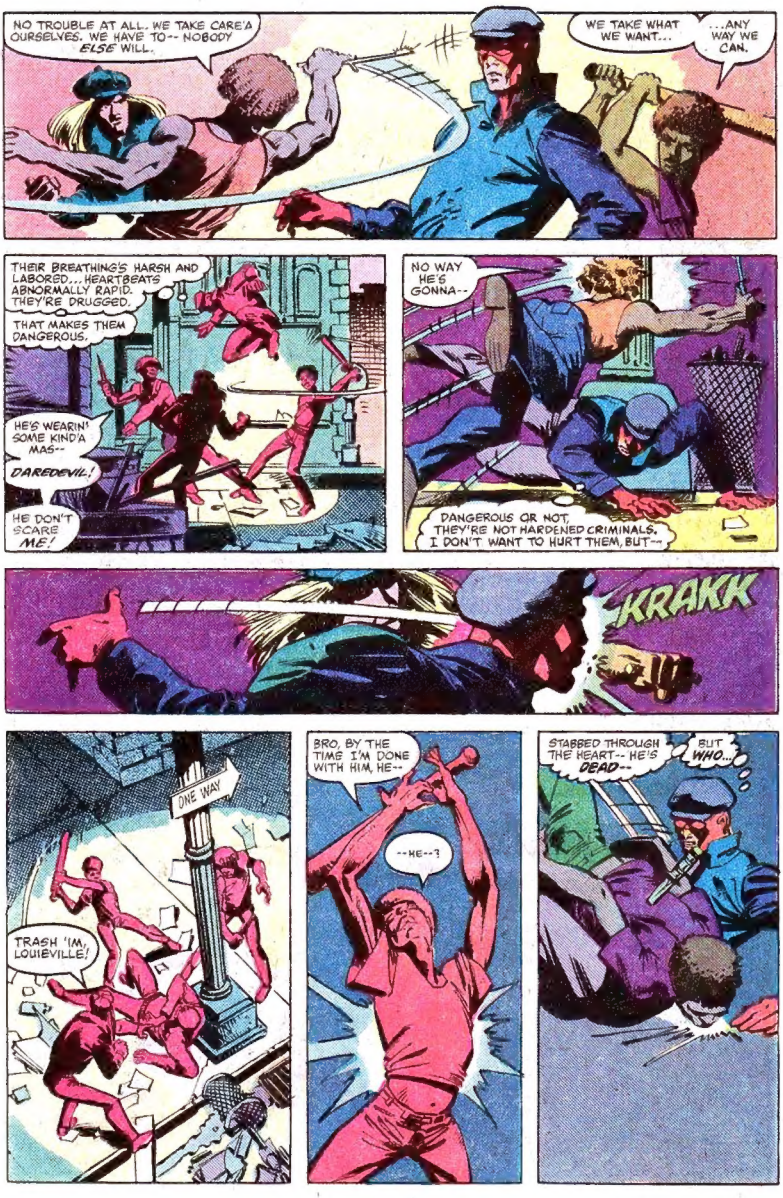

IT WAS FIRST MANUFACTURED AS AN ANIMAL TRANQUILIZER. THE DRUG WAS BANNED FOR USE ON HUMANS BECAUSE OF THE SIDE-EFFECTS--
--DELIRIUM, AMNESIA, PSYCHOSIS, CONVULSION...
AND WORST OF ALL IT COLLECTS IN THE TISSUE OF THE BRAIN, TRIGGERING FLASHBACKS DAYS, WEEKS, SOMETIMES EVEN YEARS LATER.
IN VIOLENT CASES USERS EXPERIENCE WHAT THEY TERM A WHACK ATTACK, BECOMING NEARLY IMMUNE TO PAIN AND POSSESSING ALMOST SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH.
ONCE IT TOOK SIX ORDERLIES TO RESTRAIN--


EASY, SON!
NO! LET ME GO! I WANT TO SEE MY SISTER, MARY! THEY TOLD ME AT SCHOOL SHE--

BILLY...
...SHE OD'ED ON ANGEL DUST. THE DOCTOR DID EVERYTHING HE COULD, BUT...
...SHE...SHE'S DEAD. I'M SORRY...
NO! IT AIN'T FAIR! IT JUST AIN'T FAIR!

HOW CAN MARY BE DEAD WHEN THE TWO BUMS WHO KILLED HER ARE STILL ALIVE AND PUSHIN' THEIR CRAP OUT ON THE STREETS?
WELL, I KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND YOU CAN TELL HOGMAN AND HIS SLIMY PARTNER THAT WHEN I FIND 'EM I'M GONNA BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT!
BILLY, WAIT! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS.
BILLY!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
WHATEVER I CAN.
DARKNESS DOESN'T DESCEND ON HELL'S KITCHEN.
IT SPEWS UP FROM SHADOWED DOORWAYS AND BACK ALLEYS AND FIRE-GUTTED TENEMENTS AS IF BLOATED AND BLACKENED FROM A DAY'S WORTH OF PAIN AND MISERY AND SUFFERING.
OR PERHAPS AS IF HUNGRY FOR MORE...
HOGMAN...THAT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON. JUST A NICKNAME. BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT PUSHER AND HIS "SLIMY PARTNER" BEFORE BILLY DOES.
FOR ALL THEIR SAKES.
AND SO, AS A DISGUISED DAREDEVIL BEGINS HIS SEARCH...
...BILLY O'KOREN STALKS HOME...
...JUST SIT IN FRONT A THAT TV MORNIN', NOON, AND NIGHT, WHY DON'TCHA GET OUT AND FIND A JOB LIKE ANY SELF-RESPECTIN' HUSBAND?
AND WHY DON'T YOU GIT OFF MY BACK FOR A CHANGE?
HIS FOLKS ARE FIGHTING AGAIN, BUT THAT'S NOTHING NEW. IT'S WHAT THEY DO BEST. THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH PRACTICE...
MAYBE IF THINGS WERE DIFFERENT AND THEY DIDN'T ARGUE ALL THE TIME HE COULD TELL THEM ABOUT MARY AND WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO.
BUT THINGS AREN'T DIFFERENT. THEY JUST ARE...
SO, WITHOUT A WORD, BILLY HUNTS FOR SOMETHING THAT HE KNOWS HIS FATHER KEEPS TUCKED AWAY IN HIS DRESSER DRAWER.
SOMETHING HARD AND COLD AND FILLED WITH DEATH.
JUST LIKE HIS SISTER...

MEANWHILE, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...
HEY, HOGMAN, IT'S JOEY!
OPEN UP!
YOU'RE LATE, JOEY BOY. WHAT KEPT YOU?
NONE'A YOUR BUSINESS, FLAPPER. WHERE'S HOGMAN?
THAT'S NONE'A YOUR BUSINESS. YOU WANNA DEAL, YOU DEAL WITH ME.
SURE FLAPPER. WHATEVER YOU SAY. I MEAN YOU GUYS'RE TIGHT, AIN'TCHA?
LIKE BROTHERS, JOEY, BOY. BROTHERS.
SO WHAT IF I SKIM A LITTLE PROFIT OFF THE TOP FOR MYSELF? TIMES'RE TOUGH ALL OVER.
HERE, JOEY BOY. NOW BEAT IT.
THAT LITTLE CREEP'S GONNA PUSH ME TOO FAR ONE'A THESE DAYS...
WE GOT THE DUST. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
YEAH.
WHANNH!
THE DUST...
...AND BUSTING HEADS.
SO...
I HAVEN'T GOT A LINE ON HOGMAN YET BUT I DID LEARN HIS PARTNER'S CALLED FLAP--
WAIT UP A SECOND, BRO--!
WE WANNA TALK TO YOU!
I'M NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.
NO TROUBLE, CHUM.


NO TROUBLE AT ALL. WE TAKE CARE'A OURSELVES. WE HAVE TO-- NOBODY ELSE WILL.
WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT...
...ANY WAY WE CAN.
THEIR BREATHING'S HARSH AND LABORED... HEARTBEATS ABNORMALLY RAPID. THEY'RE DRUGGED.
THAT MAKES THEM DANGEROUS.
HE'S WEARIN' SOME KIND'A MAS--
DAREDEVIL!
HE DON'T SCARE ME!
NO WAY HE'S GONNA--
DANGEROUS OR NOT, THEY'RE NOT HARDENED CRIMINALS. I DON'T WANT TO HURT THEM, BUT--
KRAKK
ONE WAY
TRASH 'IM, LOUIEVILLE!
BRO, BY THE TIME I'M DONE WITH HIM, HE--
--HE--?
STABBED THROUGH THE HEART-- HE'S DEAD--
BUT WHO...

IT'S A MAN-- MY BUILT-IN RADAR IS PICKING HIM UP NOW.
HE'S BIG.
HIS HEARTBEAT IS STRONG, HIS MOVEMENTS CONFIDENT, FLUID. HE'S IN EXELLENT SHAPE.
AND HE'S A KILLER!
LOOK AT ME, PUNKS!
REMEMBER MY FACE!
IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'RE EVER GOING TO SEE--
--AND I WANT YOU TO CARRY THE MEMORY OF IT STRAIGHT TO HELL!
THE SOUND OF A GUNBOLT BEING SHOVED BACK/ HE'S GOING TO MURDER THEM.
STILL GROGGY FROM THAT BLOW I TOOK --TOO WEAK TO..
I HAVE TO SAVE THEM!
KASHUK

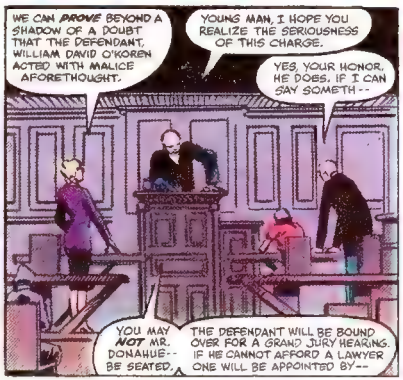
OOF!
WHAT? WHO?
DAREDEVIL?!
I'VE READ ABOUT YOU, DAREDEVIL. IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.
I'M THE PUNISHER. PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD--
BLAMM!
WHAT THE--?!
FLAPPER!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS BUM!
YET ANOTHER DEATH--!
HE'S SKRAGGED!
SOMEBODY SAVED ME THE TROUBLE...
HOGMAN'S PARTNER... GUNNED DOWN IN THE STREET--
--AND I'VE GOT AN AWFUL FEELING I KNOW WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER!
THE SHOT CAME FROM THIS ROOFTOP. IF I HURRY...
DROP THE GUN!

BILLY...GIVE ME THE GUN...
...PLEASE...
I... I WANTED TO KILL HIM, MARY. MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD.

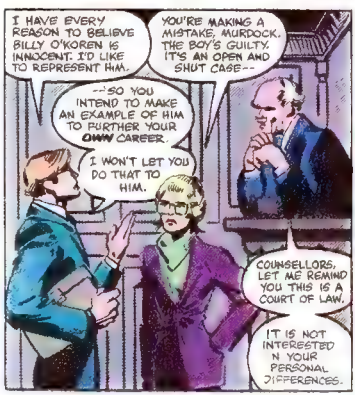
BUT I LOOKED OVER HIS HEAD.
I'M SORRY, MARY. I COULDN'T DO IT.

I JUST COULDN'T

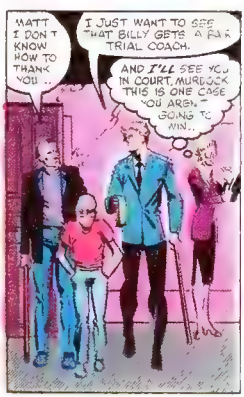
LATER, IN FAMILY COURT...
THE CRIME IS THAT OF AN ADULT, YOUR HONOR.
IT SHOULD BE TRIED AS SUCH.


WE CAN PROVE BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT THE DEFENDANT, WILLIAM DAVID O'KOREN ACTED WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.
YOUNG MAN, I HOPE YOU REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THIS CHARGE.
YES, YOUR HONOR. HE DOES, IF I CAN SAY SOMETH--
YOU MAY NOT MR. DONAHUE-- BE SEATED.
THE DEFENDANT WILL BE BOUND OVER FOR A GRAND JURY HEARING. IF HE CANNOT AFFORD A LAWYER ONE WILL BE APPOINTED BY--

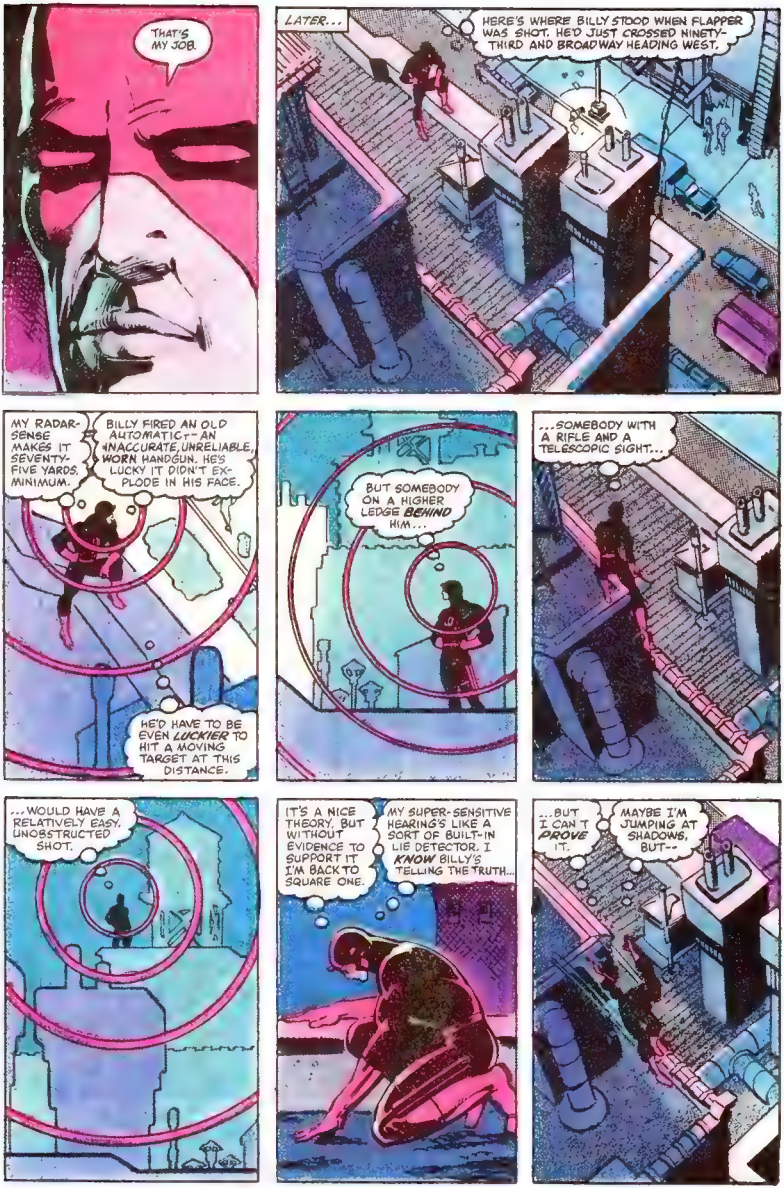
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, YOUR HONOR.

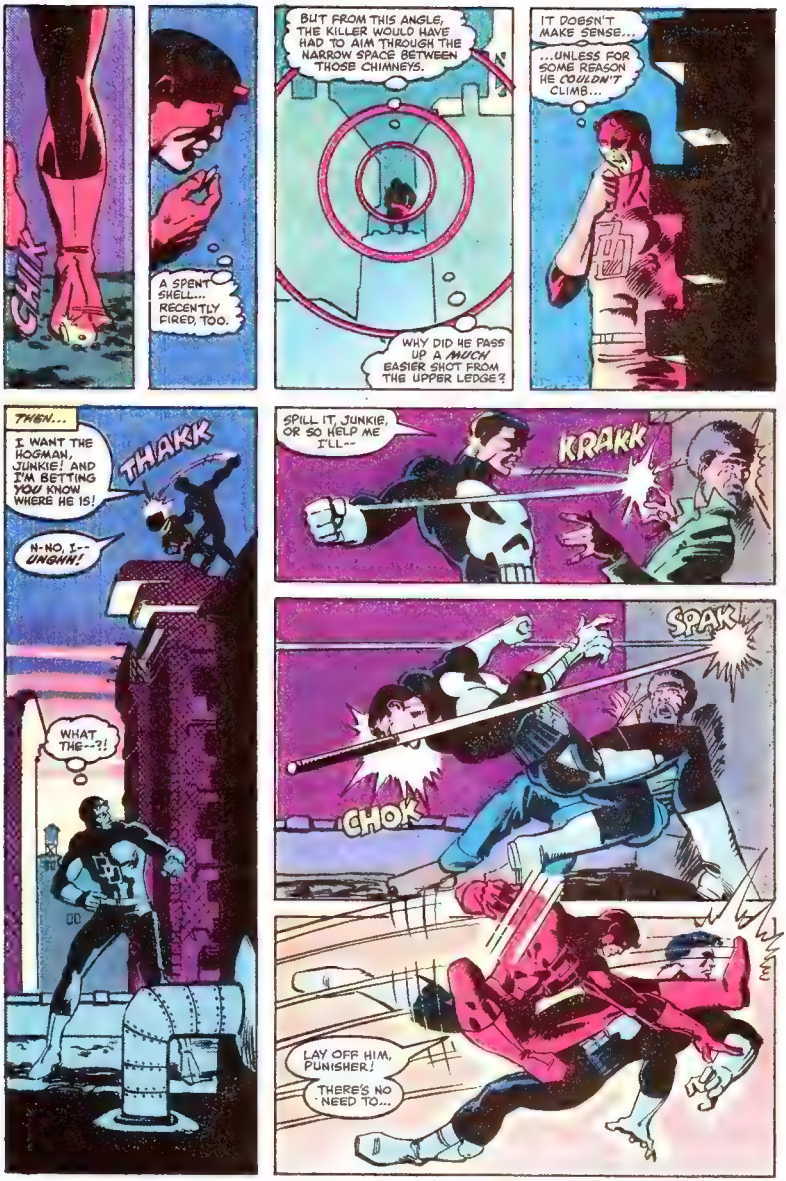

I HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE BILLY O'KOREN IS INNOCENT. I'D LIKE TO REPRESENT HIM.
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, MURDOCK. THE BOY'S GUILTY. IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE--
--SO YOU INTEND TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM TO FURTHER YOUR OWN CAREER.
I WON'T LET YOU DO THAT TO HIM.
COUNSELLORS, LET ME REMIND YOU THIS IS A COURT OF LAW.
IT IS NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR PERSONAL DIFFERENCES.

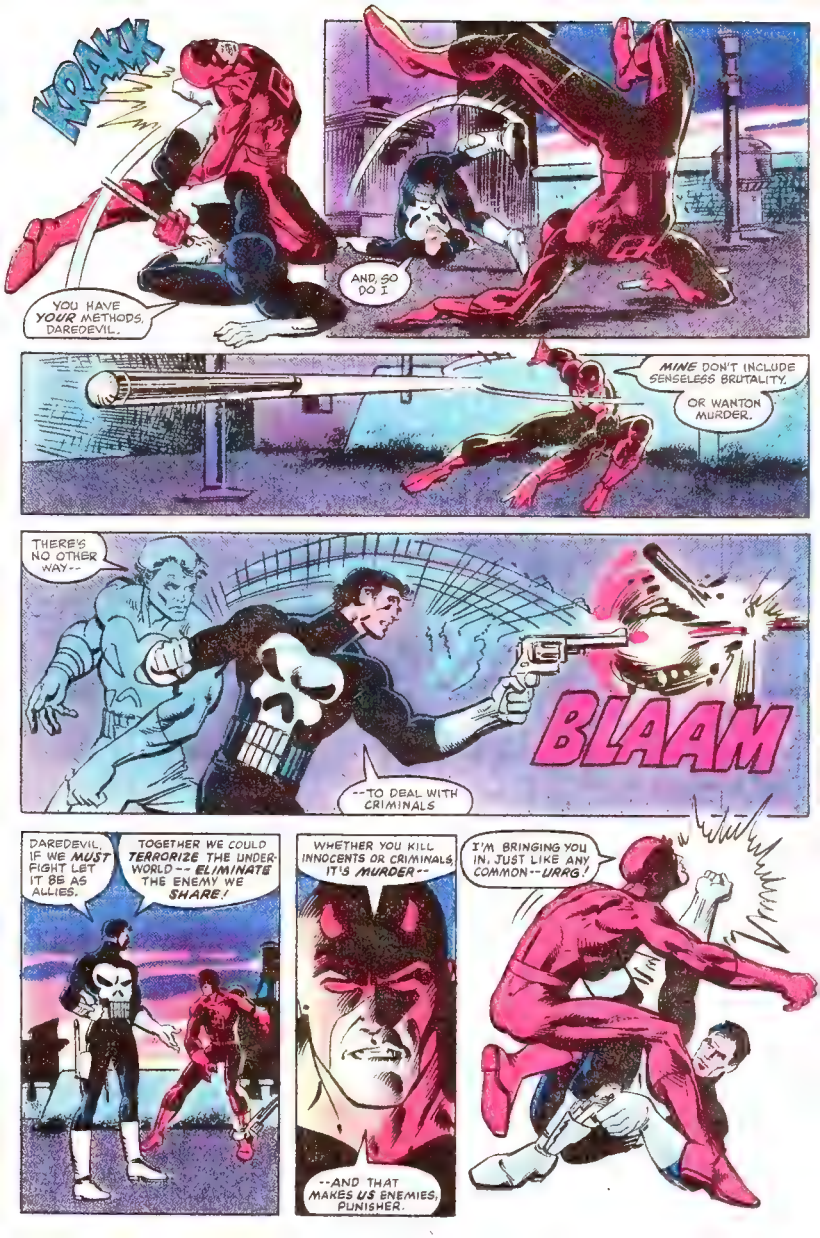
THE GRAND JURY WILL CONVENE ON THE SEVENTH. UNTIL SUCH TIME, THE DEFENDANT IS REMANDED TO THE RECOGNIZANCE OF MR. PATRICK DONAHUE.


MATT, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU..
I JUST WANT TO SEE THAT BILLY GETS A FAIR TRIAL COACH.
AND I'LL SEE YOU IN COURT, MURDOCK. THIS IS ONE CASE YOU AREN'T GOING TO WIN..

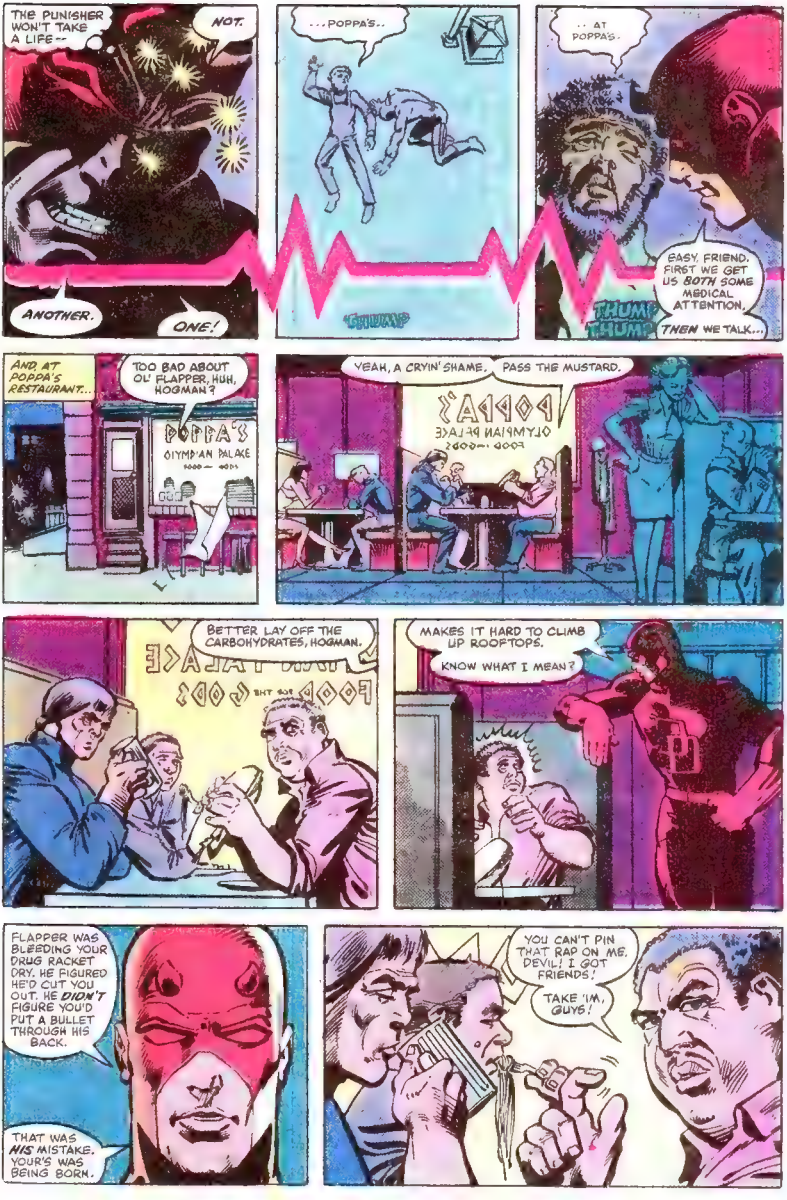
IT'S NO USE, MR. MURDOCK. I DIDN'T WASTE FLAPPER BUT I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE.
EVERYBODY THINKS I DID...
COACH DONAHUE DOESN'T. NEITHER DO I, DON'T GIVE UP ON US OR THE COURTS.
THE LAW WORKS, BILLY. JUST GIVE IT A CHANCE.
LATER...
DAILY BUGLE
SMOKING AGAIN, BEN?
THOUGHT YOU'D QUIT.
SURGEON GENERAL'S REPORT IS THE LAST THING I NEED RIGHT NOW, HORNHEAD. I'VE GOT A COLUMN TO BANG OUT.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
INFORMATION--
--ABOUT THE PUNISHER.
THE PUNISHER?!
YOU CRAZY, MATT--
--OR JUST TIRED OF LIVING?
SHHH! DON'T CALL ME MATT. NOT HERE.
JUST BECAUSE YOU KNOW MY SECRET IDENTITY, IS NO REASON TO BROADCAST...
POPPADOPOULOS. PRENTISS. PULITZER...AH! PUNISHER!
HAVEN'T GOT MUCH ON HIM. HE'S A VIGILANTE, LIKE YOU...
NOT LIKE ME.
HE KILLS.
THAT HE DOES. LOTS.
USES GUNS, MOSTLY. MAKES HIS OWN. AND THEY SAY HE NEVER MISSES A SHOT.
GOOD WITH HIS HANDS, TOO. ACED TWELVE MEN DURING A RECENT STINT IN PRISON.
AND YOU WANT TO GO UP AGAINST HIM?

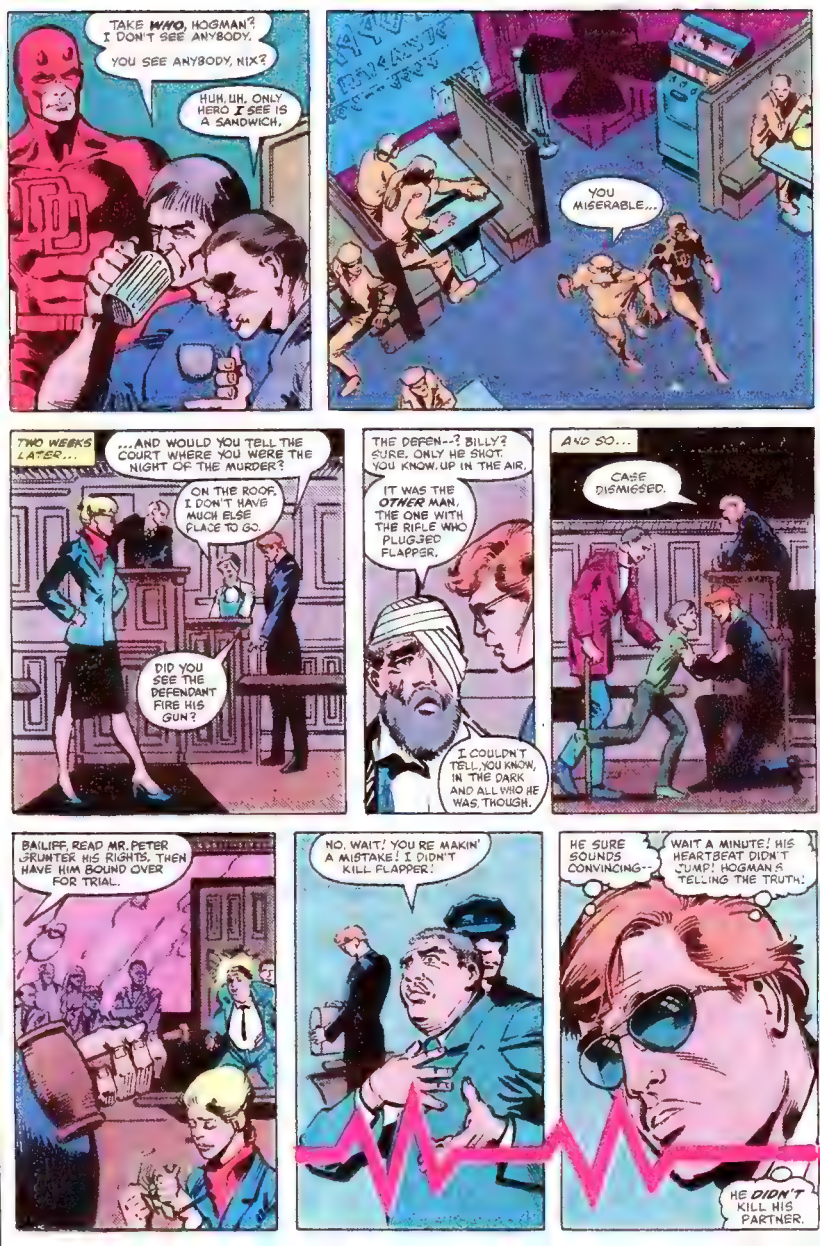

THAT'S MY JOB.
LATER...
HERE'S WHERE BILLY STOOD WHEN FLAPPER WAS SHOT. HE'D JUST CROSSED NINETY-THIRD AND BROADWAY HEADING WEST.
MY RADAR-SENSE MAKES IT SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS, MINIMUM.
BILLY FIRED AN OLD AUTOMATIC-- AN INACCURATE, UNRELIABLE, WORN HANDGUN. HE'S LUCKY IT DIDN'T EXPLODE IN HIS FACE.
HE'D HAVE TO BE EVEN LUCKIER TO HIT A MOVING TARGET AT THIS DISTANCE.
BUT SOMEBODY ON A HIGHER LEDGE BEHIND HIM...
...SOMEBODY WITH A RIFLE AND A TELESCOPIC SIGHT...
...WOULD HAVE A RELATIVELY EASY, UNOBSTRUCTED SHOT.
IT'S A NICE THEORY, BUT WITHOUT EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT IT I'M BACK TO SQUARE ONE.
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING'S LIKE A SORT OF BUILT-IN LIE DETECTOR. I KNOW BILLY'S TELLING THE TRUTH...
...BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT.
MAYBE I'M JUMPING AT SHADOWS, BUT--


CHIK
A SPENT SHELL... RECENTLY FIRED, TOO.
BUT FROM THIS ANGLE, THE KILLER WOULD HAVE HAD TO AIM THROUGH THE NARROW SPACE BETWEEN THOSE CHIMNEYS.
WHY DID HE PASS UP A MUCH EASIER SHOT FROM THE UPPER LEDGE?
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...
...UNLESS FOR SOME REASON HE COULDN'T CLIMB...
THEN...
I WANT THE HOGMAN, JUNKIE! AND I'M BETTING YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS!
THAKK
N-NO, I-- UNGHH!
WHAT THE--?!
SPILL IT, JUNKIE, OR SO HELP ME I'LL--
KRAKK
SPAK!
CHOK
LAY OFF HIM, PUNISHER!
THERE'S NO NEED TO...


KRAKK
YOU HAVE YOUR METHODS, DAREDEVIL.
AND, SO DO I
MINE DON'T INCLUDE SENSELESS BRUTALITY.
OR WANTON MURDER.
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY--
BLAAM
--TO DEAL WITH CRIMINALS
DAREDEVIL, IF WE MUST FIGHT LET IT BE AS ALLIES.
TOGETHER WE COULD TERRORIZE THE UNDERWORLD -- ELIMINATE THE ENEMY WE SHARE!
WHETHER YOU KILL INNOCENTS OR CRIMINALS, IT'S MURDER--
--AND THAT MAKES US ENEMIES, PUNISHER.
I'M BRINGING YOU IN, JUST LIKE ANY COMMON--URRG!

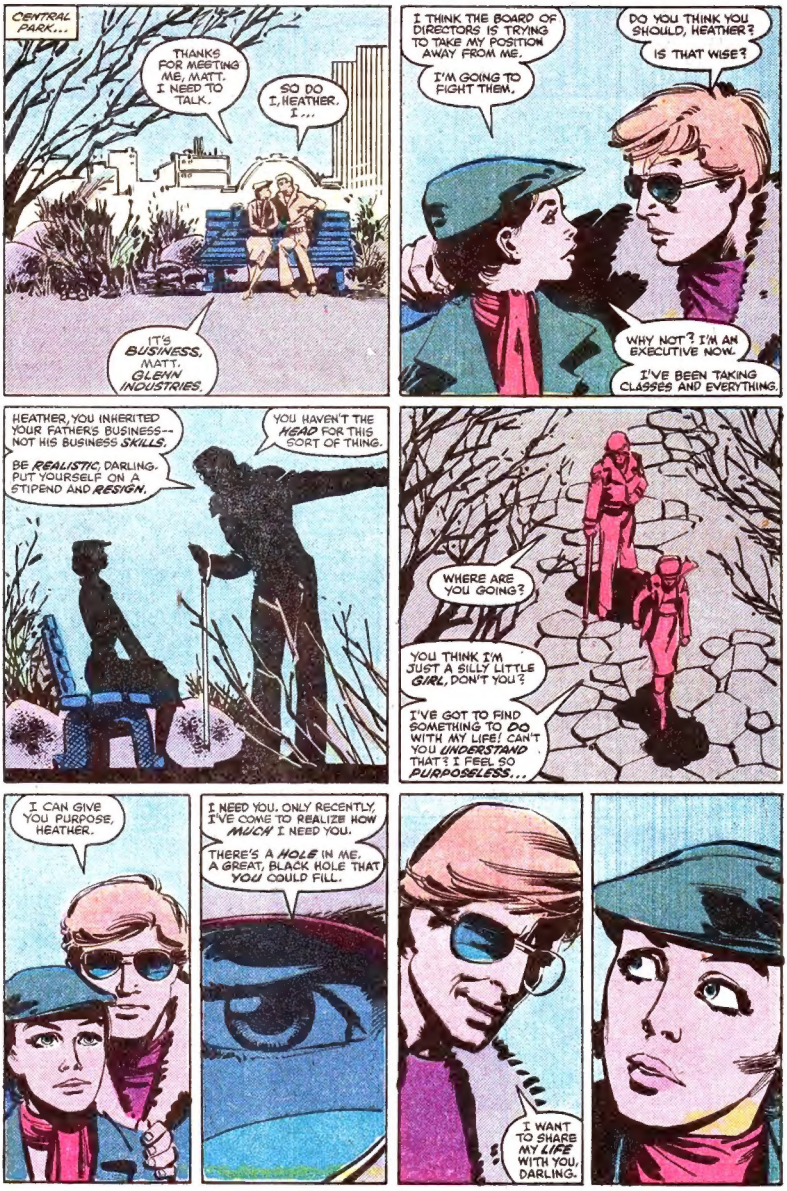
PUNCH STUNNED ME... COULDN'T STOP HIS DRAW--
FFFP
I SHOT HIM WITH A TRANQUILIZING DART, ANIMAL!
I COULD DO THE SAME TO YOU...
...BUT I WANT YOU TO FEEL THIS!
THAKK
THUMP THUMP
I WANT YOU TO SUFFER!
PUNISHER... STOP IT...
THOK
THUMP THUMP
AS I HAVE SUFFERED!
-- HIS HEART!
...HIS HEART...
THH
GOT TO MASSAGE...
...TRY TO START IT BEATING AGAIN...
...UNDO THE DAMAGE THE PUNISHER DID...


THE PUNISHER WON'T TAKE A LIFE--
NOT.
ANOTHER.
ONE!
...POPPA'S..
THWUMP
..AT POPPA'S.
EASY, FRIEND. FIRST WE GET US BOTH SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION,
THUMP THUMP
THEN WE TALK...
AND AT POPPA'S RESTAURANT...
TOO BAD ABOUT OL' FLAPPER, HUH, HOGMAN?
POPPA'S
OLYMPIAN PALACE
YEAH, A CRYIN' SHAME. PASS THE MUSTARD.
BETTER LAY OFF THE CARBOHYDRATES, HOGMAN.
MAKES IT HARD TO CLIMB UP ROOFTOPS.
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
FLAPPER WAS BLEEDING YOUR DRUG RACKET DRY. HE FIGURED HE'D CUT YOU OUT. HE DIDN'T FIGURE YOU'D PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS BACK.
THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE. YOUR'S WAS BEING BORN.
YOU CAN'T PIN THAT RAP ON ME, DEVIL! I GOT FRIENDS!
TAKE 'IM, GUYS!


TAKE WHO, HOGMAN? I DON'T SEE ANYBODY.
YOU SEE ANYBODY, NIX?
HUH, UH. ONLY HERO I SEE IS A SANDWICH.
YOU MISERABLE...
TWO WEEKS LATER...
...AND WOULD YOU TELL THE COURT WHERE YOU WERE THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER?
ON THE ROOF. I DON'T HAVE MUCH ELSE PLACE TO GO.
DID YOU SEE THE DEFENDANT FIRE HIS GUN?
THE DEFEN--? BILLY? SURE. ONLY HE SHOT YOU KNOW, UP IN THE AIR.
IT WAS THE OTHER MAN, THE ONE WITH THE RIFLE WHO PLUGGED FLAPPER.
I COULDN'T TELL, YOU KNOW, IN THE DARK AND ALL WHO HE WAS, THOUGH.
AND SO...
CASE DISMISSED.
BAILIFF, READ MR. PETER GRUNTER HIS RIGHTS, THEN HAVE HIM BOUND OVER FOR TRIAL.
NO, WAIT! YOU'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE! I DIDN'T KILL FLAPPER!
HE SURE SOUNDS CONVINCING--
WAIT A MINUTE! HIS HEARTBEAT DIDN'T JUMP! HOGMAN IS TELLING THE TRUTH!
HE DIDN'T KILL HIS PARTNER.

THAT NIGHT...
...INVESTIGATION CONTINUES ON THE SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE PUNISHER'S RECENT ESCAPE FROM RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY--
--EVEN AS REPORTS COME IN FROM EVERY CORNER OF MANHATTAN ISLAND OF HIS VIOLENT BLITZKRIEG ON STREET LEVEL CRIME
IN A RELATED STORY, YOUNG BILLY O'KOREN HAS BEEN ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER IN THE SLAYING OF DRUG DEALER JOHN "FLAPPER" PHILLIPS.
BUT THE STORY DOESN'T END THERE. WE SWITCH NOW TO JANE HANSON, ON THE STEPS OF THE MANHATTAN CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING
JANE?
CHUCK, I'M SPEAKING WITH RENOWNED ATTORNEY MATTHEW MURDOCK--
--WHO HAS JUST TOLD ME THAT HE PLANS TO REPRESENT PETER "HOGMAN" GRUNTER WHO HAS BEEN CHARGED IN THE PHILLIPS MURDER
MATT?
JANE, MY CLIENT IS INNOCENT.

HE DESERVES THE BEST DEFENSE POSSIBLE.
I INTEND TO MAKE SURE HE GETS IT.
KLIK


CENTRAL PARK...
THANKS FOR MEETING ME, MATT. I NEED TO TALK.
SO DO I, HEATHER. I...
IT'S BUSINESS, MATT. GLENN INDUSTRIES.
I THINK THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS TRYING TO TAKE MY POSITION AWAY FROM ME.
I'M GOING TO FIGHT THEM.
DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD, HEATHER?
IS THAT WISE?
WHY NOT? I'M AN EXECUTIVE NOW.
I'VE BEEN TAKING CLASSES AND EVERYTHING.
HEATHER, YOU INHERITED YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS--NOT HIS BUSINESS SKILLS.
BE REALISTIC, DARLING. PUT YOURSELF ON A STIPEND AND RESIGN.
YOU HAVEN'T THE HEAD FOR THIS SORT OF THING.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
YOU THINK I'M JUST A SILLY LITTLE GIRL, DON'T YOU?
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY LIFE! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? I FEEL SO PURPOSELESS...
I CAN GIVE YOU PURPOSE, HEATHER.
I NEED YOU. ONLY RECENTLY, I'VE COME TO REALIZE HOW MUCH I NEED YOU.
THERE'S A HOLE IN ME. A GREAT, BLACK HOLE THAT YOU COULD FILL.
I WANT TO SHARE MY LIFE WITH YOU, DARLING.

NEXT: GOOD GUYS WEAR RED

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

May I speak Frankly?

The suspense is killing me. Since DAREDEVIL #170 I have been waiting breathlessly for each coming issue, to the point of losing my sanity. Not in any other comic, nor even medium, can you find the kind of unbridled fervor that pervades DAREDEVIL every thirty days. The result has been well worth the wait — I haven't been let down yet. If DD#180 is any sign, I suspect I never will be.

Now, a few words about your latest triumph, "The Damned": Thrilling, exciting,interesting, intriguing, terrifying, gross, and suspenseful.

Now,, a few sentences: I'm glad and relieved that Ben Urich has survived his near-fatal encounter with this book's resident *femme fatale*, Elektra. His personality adds charisma to this comic. Daredevil and Ben create a certain chemistry together that's hard to describe, but easy to notice. They complement each other perfectly. For Daredevil's elusiveness, there exists Ben's bluntness. In place of Matt's mystery, Urich stands totally, completely, indecently revealed. Opposing Matt's uniqueness, there is Urich's conformity. Against DD's heroics, is Ben's normalcy and ambiguity. These two New Yorkers merge into an original, novel team. Mr. Urich has also proven himself to be of invaluable aid to our darknight hero. Without Ben's photo, DD might never have discovered that Vanessa was among the living. By finding her and trading her to the Kingpin for Cherryh's resignation, Daredevil saved the city for at least another term. But,in spite of his heroic efforts, or perhaps because of them, he may suffer a far more terrible and personal tragedy than what New York would've undergone, the death of his partner and best friend, Franklin Nelson. I sincerely hope I won't have to write a tribute to Foggy like the one I wrote about Ben Urich when I thought he was killed last issue. But something dynamic has to happen next issue. If I were to hazard a guess, I'd predict Elektra's death by Daredevil's hand, and a stalemate between the Kingpin and he. Whatever the conclusion, let me say that DD #170-181 will be remembered forever, in my mind, as the greatest, most provocative and inspired comics series of all time.

Foggy's murder? Elektra's death? The Kingpin's destruction? The suspense is killing me!

Stu Krull
28 Kettle Creek Rd.
Freehold, NJ 07728

Dear Frank and Denny,

"The frightening, yet attractive nature of violence". A quote from yourselves, taken from DD #169, which sums up your use,over the past year, of Elektra. You've flirted with her, with the readers, with sudden death in a frighteningly visual fashion. And you've hooked everyone in. Elektra is the other side of Daredevil, of Matt Murdock. Their motivating origins are the same, and yet,they have taken different directions. To one agile figure in red, we have added another. Yang to Yin, female to male, bounty hunter to hero. Elektra to Daredevil, back to back.

Another most frightening thing is how well it's worked. Take 179's letter page, full of praise for Elektra, full of people alive with praise for this new creation, people attracted to the odor of sudden death. All of them want to see Elektra become Daredevil's girl, see her as made for him. So we have seen her kill nineteen people. They were all criminals. Villains don't count.

And so we come to a very, *very* timely issue in 179, and I think the answer lies in the page that faces the letters page. Facing the page where so many people cry for you to pair off fair Elektra with our hero, Frank and Denny place the truly horrifying sign of the lady's 20-20 vision. Only this time, it's Ben Urich. One of us. A good guy.

I don't think that many of us can be left with illusions about Elektra now. In one penetrating moment, Frank, you have given us your insight on "the frightening, yet attractive nature of violence" The flirtation is over.

Thank you.

Moshe Gookall
942 Burnage Lane
Burnage, Manchester, ENGLAND

Dear Mr. Miller,

You make me sick.

I've never ripped a comic in half before. Hopefully, I never will again. If I do, it won't be a DAREDEVIL, because, starting now, I no longer collect DAREDEVIL.

Once upon a time, DAREDEVIL was one of the best Marvel comics. But then you took over, and things changed. For a while,things were good. Violent, but that could be overlooked, since the general content was good. But then you started playing up Elektra, and the situation became intolerable. Elektra has no right to be in the Marvel Universe, much less to be a virtual co-star. When I read the letters hailing Elektra as the "greatest new character since ", I get nauseous. She is a killer, nothing more, and you love the character. What a colossal waste of your talents.

When people start selling murder as entertainment, something is wrong. Something is wrong with DAREDEVIL.

John Knapp
8500 Parliament Dr.
Potomac, MD 20854

Dealing with the subject of murder is not the same as endorsing it. Hopefully, a friend of yours lent you his copy of DAREDEVIL #181, and you saw that Elektra paid for her crimes.

Dear Frank,

Thank you for reminding me why a married, twenty-three year old man with two science degrees, STILL has a love affair with the American Comic Book. Terrific stuff!

Terry Fallat
2181 Navaho Rd. #309
Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA

Dear Frank and Klaus,

You have put me in bit of a quandary. After reading DAREDEVIL #180, I am so emotionally charged that I must write and congratulate you. But I don't want to be trite and repetitive by saying such things as, "the finest issue ever!" (which it is) or "the best artwork yet!" (which it is).

So what *do* I say? Will this do? "DAREDEVIL #180 is the comic *I* would write, if I could". (That *is* a compliment, honest.)

I feel I owe you more than generalization, Frank, so I must add that the victory DD achieved over the Kingpin on page 21 (and the way you presented it) ranks as the greatest single piece of comic book storytelling I can recal having seen in eighteen years of collecting the ruddy things!

Dale L. Coe
41 Whitecross Rd
Warrington, Cheshire, ENGLAND

Dear Marvel,

I recently bought my first issue of DAREDEVIL in over two years (#179). I was curious as to what had happened to this title since I left. I also wanted to check out all this hype on Frank Miller. I liked #179 enough to be sure of Frank's prowess as a writer, but remained skeptical.

When #180 hit the stands, friends kept telling me how much it "bites". I said, "Sure it does, guys" and bought something else instead. When I decided to look this issue over, I picked it up, and you know what? It bit me! As I stood there, looking at the blood drip from my papercut, I realized that I shouldn't make it any madder. So I plopped down two quarters and a dime and brought it home with me.

As I read it, I said to myself, "Hey, this thing *does* bite!" The idea of Hell being in a sewer under a big city is fascinating. When I came to the part where Daredevil, both blind and crippled, gave his crutch to the woman who had her leg eaten, I had to squirm. the putrid smell of festering sores, mixed with foul sewage filled my nostrils. The cover became more outrageous, the more I read. Imagine slimy, diseased skin clutching and pressing against your body. Klaus Janson had a lot to do with affecting sullen feelings within me, so I'd like to thank him for a job well done. But the mood! The emotions I felt while reading were overwhelming. This issue bit, and bit hard. My hand's still bleeding.

I promise never to overlook this comic again. I will buy it until death do us part. You have my word on that. It's practically signed in blood.

Glenn Dressler
RR 2 Box 191AA
Kankakee, IL 60901

Good guys wear Red! New York City is held hostage...and only a blind man can save it.